The Laureat.

Jack Squabbs *Hiſtory in a little drawn,* *Down to his Evening, from his early dawn.*

APpear, thou mighty Bard, to open view;
Which yet we muſt confeſs you need not do:
The labour to expoſe thee we may ſave,
Thou ſtand'ſt upon thy own Records, a Knave;
Condemn'd to Live in thy Apoſtate Rhimes,
The Curſe of Ours, and Scoff of Future Times.
Still tacking round with every turn of State,
Reverſe to *Shaftsbury!* thy Curſed Fate
Is always at a change to come to late:
To keep his Plots from Coxcombs was his Care;
His Villany was mask'd, and Thine is bare:
Wiſe Men alone cou'd gueſs at his Deſign,
And cou'd but gueſs, the Thred was ſpun ſo fine;
But every purblind Fool may ſee through thine.
Had *Dick* ſtill kept the Regal Diadem,
Thou hadſt been Poet Laureat to him,
And, long e're now, in Lofty Verſe proclaim'd
His high Extraction, among Princes fam'd;
Diffus'd his Glorious Deed from Pole to Pole,
Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can rowl.
Nay, had our *Charles*, by Heavens ſevere Decree,
Been found, and Murther'd in the Royal Tree,
Even thou hadſt prais'd the Fact; his Father Slain,
Thou call'ſt but gently breathing of a Vein:
Impious, and Villanous! to bleſs the blow
That laid at once three Lofty Nations low,
And gave the Royal Cauſe a Fatal Overthrow.
What after this cou'd we expect from thee?
What cou'd we hope for, but juſt what we ſee?

Scan-

Scandal to all Religions, New and Old;
Scandal to thine, where Pardon's bought and ſold,
And Mortgag'd Happineſs Redeem'd for Gold:
Tell me, for 'tis a Truth you muſt allow,
Whoever chang'd more in one Moon, than thou:
Ev'n thy own *Zimri* was more ſtedfaſt known;
He had but one Religion, or had none:
What Sect of Chriſtians is't thou haſt not known,
And, at one time or other, made thy own?
A Briſtled *Baptiſt* bred; and then thy ſtrain
Immaculate, was free from ſinful ſtain.
No Songs in thoſe bleſt times thou didſt produce
To brand, and ſham good manners out of uſe:
The Ladies then had not one Bawdy Bob,
Nor thou the Courtly Name of Poet Squab.
Next, thy dull Muſe, an *Independant* Jade,
On Sacred Tyranny five Stanza's made;
Prais'd *Noll*, who ev'n to both extreams did run,
To kill the Father, and dethrone the Son.
When *Charles* came in, thou didſt a Convert grow,
More by thy Intereſt, than thy Nature ſo.
Under his Liv'ning Beams thy Laurels ſpread;
He firſt did place that wreath about thy Head;
Kindly reliev'd thy wants, and gave thee Bread.
Here 'twas thou made'ſt the Bells of Fancy chime,
And choak'd the Town with ſuffocating Rhime.
Till Heroes, form'd by thy Creating Pen,
Were grown as Cheap, and Dull, as other men.
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, full Gallery, and Pit,
Thou braveſt all Mankind with want of Wit.
Nay, in ſhort time, wer't grown ſo proud a Ninny,
As ſcarce t' allow that *Ben* himſelf had any.
But when the men of Senſe thy Error ſaw,
They Check'd thy Muſe, and kept the Termagant in awe.
To Satyr next thy Talent was Addreſt,
Fell foul on all, thy Friends among the reſt:
Thoſe who the oft'neſt did thy wants ſupply,
Abus'd, Traduc'd, without a Reaſon why.
Nay, ev'n thy Royal Patron was not ſpar'd,
But an obſcene, a Santring wretch declar'd.
Thy Loyal Libel we can ſtill produce,
Beyond Example, and beyond Excuſe.
O ſtrange return, to a forgiving King,
But the warm'd Viper wears the greateſt Sting.

Thy Penſion loſt, and juſtly without doubt,
When Servants ſnarl, we ought to kick 'em out;
They that diſdain their Benefactors Bread,
No longer ought by Bounty to be fed.
That loſt, the Viſor chang'd, you turn about,
And ſtrait a True Blue Proteſtant crept out;
The Fryar now was writ: and ſome will ſay
They ſmell a Male-content through all the Play.
The Papiſt too was damn'd, unfit for Truſt,
Call'd Treacherous, Shameleſs, Profligate, Unjuſt,
And Kingly Power thought Arbitrary Luſt.
This laſted till thou didſt thy Penſion gain,
And that chang'd both thy Morals, and thy ſtrain.
If to write Contradictions, Nonſenſe be,
Who has more Nonſenſe in their works than thee?
We'll mention but thy Lay-mans Faith, and Hind,
Who'd think both theſe (ſuch Claſhing do we find)
Cou'd be the product of one ſingle mind:
Here, thou wou'dſt Charitable fain appear,
Find'ſt fault that *Athanaſius* was ſevere;
Thy Pity ſtrait to Cruelty is rais'd,
And ev'n the Pious Inquiſition prais'd,
And recommended to the preſent Reign:
"O happy Countries, *Italy* and *Spain*!
Have we not cauſe, in thy own words, to ſay,
Let none believe what varies every day,
That never was, nor will be at a ſtay.
Once, Heathens might be ſav'd, you did allow;
But not, it ſeems, we greater Heathens now:
The Loyal Church, that buoys the Kingly Line,
Damn'd with a breath, but 'tis ſuch breath as thine:
What Credit to thy party can it be,
T'have gain'd ſo lewd a Profligate as thee:
Stray'd from our fold, makes us but laugh, not weep:
We have but loſt what was diſgrace to keep:
By them Miſtruſted, and to us a ſcorn;
For it is weakneſs, at the beſt, to Turn.
True, hadſt thou left us in the former Reign,
T'had prov'd, it was not wholly done for Gain;
Now, the Meridian Sun is not ſo plain.
Gold is thy God, for a ſubſtantial ſumm,
Thou to the *Turk*, wou'dſt run away from *Rome*,
And Sing his Holy Expedition againſt Chriſtendom.
But, to conclude, bluſh with a laſting Red,
(If thou'rt not mov'd with what's already ſaid)

To

To ſee thy Boars, Bears, Buzards, Wolves and Owls,
And all thy other Beaſts, and other Fowls,
Routed by two poor Mice: (Unequal fight)
But eaſie 'tis to Conquer in the Right.
See there a Youth (a ſhame to thy gray hairs) .
Make a meer Dunce of all thy threeſcore years.
What in that Tedious Poem haſt thou done,
But cramm'd all *Æſops* Fables into one.
But why do I the precious minutes ſpend
On him, that wou'd much rather hang, than mend.
No, Wretch, continue ſtill juſt as thou art,
Thou'rt now in this laſt Scene, that Crowns thy Part;
To purchaſe Favour, veer with every Gale,
And, againſt Intereſt, never ceaſe to rail;
Tho thou'rt the only proof how Intereſt can prevail.

F I N I S.